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### TEMPTATION.

BY GEORGE CHURCH.

You might as well say to the bee,  
As he lights on the lip of a flower,  
"Its beauty you're welcome to see,  
But the honey must stay and get sour."

Do you think he would list to you long,  
With the treasure just under his eyes?  
No. He'd find the temptation too strong,  
And make a bold dash for the prize.

Or, supposing a bird on a tree,  
Where cherries are rosy and sweet,  
And you told him to let them all be,  
For you thought them too pretty to eat.

Do you think your command he'd obey,  
And with feasting his eyes be content?  
No. "To let such fruit spoil," he would say,  
"Was never Dame Nature's intent."

So do not be cruel and cold,  
And ask me to promise in vain;  
For when pretty lips open to scold,  
They but tempt one to trespass again.

### A LAWYER'S EXPERIENCE.

BY AN ENGLISH BARRISTER.

I had been called to the Bar not quite a year, and was seated with my friend Armitage in our chambers in the Temple. Frank had been "called" on the same day as myself, and we had agreed to make our professional start together. To that end we had become joint possessors of a set of chambers at No. 99, Fig-tree Court, and of a boy named Blobs, who was known as our "clerk," though his tender years and seedy garments made the dignified appellation sound almost ironical.

At the outset of our career we had agreed that everything of an unprofessional character in our belongings should be rigidly tabooed. In particular, we had decided that our breakfast should always be over, and its remains cleared away before 9 a. m., and that smoking should not on any account be permitted in the room destined for the reception of clients. We were (or I should rather say we had been) always to be found by half-past nine, each seated in the rigidest of arm-chairs, perusing ponderous law-books, and making copious notes with the assistance of a gigantic pewter inkstand, polished to a positively dazzling brightness.

But this halcyon state of affairs was too good to last. Not having been troubled with that rush of clients which we had originally expected, we had become less particular in our habits. The law-books were left unopened, the hour of breakfast had become gradually later and later, and short pipes and tweed jackets had become the order of the day until luncheon, and sometimes even till dinner-time.

In order, however, to keep up the pleasant fiction that we still expected to have clients some day, we had made a bet. Each of us had backed himself for five pounds to get the first brief, with the proviso that if ever the bet should be decided the winner was to stand a dinner to the loser. Imagine our emotion, therefore, when, one day, soon after 10 a. m., a heavy step was heard to ascend the staircase, and pause at our door; and when Blobs, our juvenile "clerk," rushed in, and, in a hoarse whisper, said, frantic with excitement, "A gentleman for Mister Browne! And he's got a bundle o' papers."

I must say that Armitage's behavior did him credit. In the most magnanimous way, he exclaimed, "Good for you, old man! Go in and win. I'll hook it into the next room, and leave the coast clear for you!"

And he bolted accordingly into his bedroom. I had only just time to pitch my cigar in the fire, open one of the big law-books (upside-down, as I afterwards discovered), and to compose my features into the most professional expression compatible with a flannel jacket and carpet slippers, when the visitor entered. He was a puffy little man, middle-aged, and of a good-natured, unintellectual cast of countenance. He wore a shabby white hat and greasy black gloves, and his trousers were shorter and his umbrella fatter than is generally considered desirable; but there was an air of smug respectability about him, and the bundle of papers which he carried had an eminently business-like appearance. He began:

"I must apologize for disturbing you at this early hour, Mr. Browne" (he was evidently not a high-class practitioner); "but I have come to beg your assistance in a very urgent case."

I tried to look as if very urgent cases were matters of the most ordinary occurrence in my professional experience. "Ah," I said, "quite so. Take a seat, Mr. —"

"Ward, sir; Gibbons & Ward, of High street, Bloomsbury. You have heard the name, I daresay. Gibbons is dead—been dead some years; but we keep up the old name, you know."

I didn't know in the least, but it would never do to say so. "Oh, yes; Gibbons & Ward, a most eminent firm! I am delighted to have the pleasure of making you acquainted, Mr. Ward."

"You are very kind, sir. Well, as I was saying, or rather, as I was about to say, I have become connected with a case, a very peculiar case,—indeed, a most peculiar case; and hearing of you from my old friend Mr. Wiggins, I thought that, though I'm a stranger to you myself, I might venture to call and ask you to assist me in it."

"Dear me," I thought, "whoever would have thought of old Wiggins' (my hairdresser) 'sending me a client!' On the principle that one good turn deserves another, I mentally resolved to go and have my hair cut the very next day. I replied:

"I shall be very happy, Mr. Ward. Have you the particulars in writing?" "No, sir; but I'll tell you in half-a-dozen words the state of the case. The party I represent is a Mrs. Podgers; and you'll agree with me that she has been very badly used. She was the daughter of an old fellow named Glubb, in the oil and color trade, a man reputed to be worth a mint of money. When she married Podgers, who was a pork-butcher in a small way of business, Podgers naturally wanted to know what the old man would do for them. A little ready money would be very acceptable; and as Susan (that's Mrs. Podgers) was the only daughter, and would naturally come in for all the old man's money at his death, they didn't see why he shouldn't give 'em a little at once, on account like. But old Glubb wasn't to be had in that way. 'No,' he says; 'if you marry Susan, when I die, you'll have all I've got, which may be ten thousand or it may be twenty; but I'm not going to undress before I go to bed, as the saying is! So upon that, and quite relying on it that the old chap would keep his word, Podgers goes and marries. They all knew the old man couldn't last very long, and on the strength of his expectations, Podgers puts in a new shop-window, and starts a pony-trap. Trade was bad, and Podgers found himself outtrunning the constable a bit; but he didn't mind, feeling sure it would be all right when the old man went off the hooks."

I began to see my way. Podgers had married on the strength of the old gentleman's promise, and the old gentleman had subsequently changed his mind. Here was an opportunity of impressing Mr. Ward. "Excuse my interrupting you one moment, Mr. Ward." I rang the bell. Blobs entered. "Blobs, give me 'Chitty on Contracts.' " Blobs handed me the book in question, which, in point of fact, was on the mantelpiece immediately behind me. I referred to the index, murmuring audibly, "Consideration—good—valuable—marriage—page 18." Then turning to the passage, I silently perused it with much attention. "Pray proceed, Mr. Ward."

He resumed apologetically, "I'm giving you a deal of trouble, Mr. Browne." "Not at all, Mr. Ward, I assure you. I always like to make sure, from the outset, as to the broad principles applicable." "Quite so, sir; but I am afraid there is a little misunderstanding."

"I think not. I have followed you with great attention. A married B's daughter C, on the faith of an undertaking by B that he will, on his death, leave C the whole of his property; B (that's Glubb, you know) dies, and he doesn't leave the property to C (that's Mrs. Podgers) but to somebody else. Isn't that your case?"

"Just exactly so, sir. If you'd been one of the family yourself you couldn't have got it more pat. They all went on as comfortable as possible till one gentleman dined with the Podgers, and he found a caterpillar in the vegetables. He would have it they did it on purpose. He went home at once, tore up his will, and made another, leaving every penny of his money to the Asylum for Incurable Clear-starchers. The excitement brought on an apoplectic fit, and he died the very same night. Personally sworn under £25,000; and Podgers all but in the Gazette."

"Ah, just as I thought."

I tried to look as if I had anticipated

every detail of the case, even to the caterpillar.

"Well, now the question is, what evidence have we, first of a distinct agreement on the part of B (otherwise Glubb) to leave all his property to his daughter; and secondly, that A (otherwise Podgers) married on the faith of that promise. Mere assertion won't do, you know; we must have evidence."

"Well, as to evidence, I'm afraid there isn't much. Mr. Cocksure has advised upon the case, and he says that we haven't any evidence; in fact, that we haven't a leg to stand upon."

It was flattering and at the same time a little alarming, to be consulted in a case in which Mr. Cocksure had already expressed an adverse opinion. I had better be cautious.

"You will have uphill work before you, I'm afraid; and I should recommend you, Mr. Ward, to see your way very clear as to your costs out of pocket. The Incurable Clearstarchers will fight hard, you may depend on it."

"Oh dear, yes, sir; no doubt they would. But we've quite made up our minds not to go to law about the matter. It would only be throwing good money after bad; leastways, it would if there was any to throw; but there isn't."

Podgers ran away to America last Monday; and his poor wife and five young children are this moment living in a two-pair back in Camden Town, sustaining a miserable existence on the scanty remains of the stock-in-trade."

A horrible misgiving crossed my mind, and I shut up Chitty.

"I thought—I mean to say I supposed—I really don't quite see, then, in what way I can be of service in the case, Mr. Ward."

"Well, you see, sir, Mr. Wiggins told me you was an uncommon kind-hearted gentleman, so I made bold to call and ask if you would put down your name for a trifle for the widow and orphans. Not that Mrs. P. is precisely a widow, nor yet the children exactly orphans; but rather worse if anything, in my opinion, and another expected almost immediately sir!"

I was fairly caught. Not for worlds would I have let Mr. Ward know that I had been laboring under a misapprehension, and had been mentally welcoming him as my first client. On the other hand, after the extreme interest I had exhibited in the case, I could not do less than give him a handsome donation. Smiling amiably, but inwardly breathing the most awful imprecations against Wiggins (and very nearly vowing, on the spur of the moment, never to have my hair cut again as long as I lived), I expressed my extreme gratification at having the opportunity of contributing a sovereign to the necessities of the Podgers family. Mr. Ward beamed with delight, and pressed on my acceptance his card, assuring me that, if I should at any time require anything in his line, it would be his most earnest endeavor—these words, by the way, he apparently spelt with an 'h'—to give me satisfaction. He insisted on shaking hands at parting, and appeared to find considerable difficulty in tearing himself away. At last, however, he departed, leaving me still holding his card, whereon I read:

"GIBBONS & WARD,  
Green-grocers,  
195 High Street, Bloomsbury.  
Evening parties attended."

My one absorbing thought, as soon as I could think at all, was how on earth to conceal the facts from Armitage—what fiction to invent which should save my dignity from the exposure of the horrible truth. What dreadful falsehood I might ultimately have given birth to, I cannot say; for I was saved from the ordeal by hearing a burst, or rather a succession of bursts of frantic laughter from the room to which Armitage had retired. I pushed the door, which yielded to my touch. My worst fears were realized! He knew all! He was lying upon the bed, his feet considerably above his head, crumpling a pocket-handkerchief into his mouth, and every now and then breaking out afresh into a peal of maniac laughter.

"Well, Browne, old boy, I hope you've given the new client a good sound legal opinion. Oh, dear, my poor sides! Where shall we have the dinner, eh, old man?"

"Come, Frank," I said, addressing him more in sorrow than in anger, "don't add insult to injury. You've had the door ajar, you scoundrel; so I needn't tell you any particulars. But, at any rate, promise me to keep the secret."

"That I'll be hanged if I do, old boy; the joke is a great deal too good to keep to myself. How about Chitty on Contracts? Oh, you old impostor! I'll be hanged if I don't tell the story to every fellow I meet."

So, for fear that the facts should be misrepresented, I determined to tell it myself.

### Rules for Avoiding Collisions.

When a train is prevented from arriving on time at its meeting point, we must have some rules by which the opposing train may proceed, or all business on the road would be suspended, by the delay of a single train. Only the general principles of these rules can be stated within limits. They are as follows:

First. All freight trains must wait indefinitely for all passenger trains. Second. When one train only is behind time, the opposing train of the same class will wait for it a specified time, usually ten minutes, and five minutes more for possible variation of watches, then go ahead, keeping fifteen minutes behind its schedule.

Third. But should such a train, running on delayed time, lose more time, or in any other way should both trains get behind time, then the one which is bound in a certain direction—for instance north—has the right to the track, and the other must lie by indefinitely. These principles duly observed will prevent collisions, but they will often cause trains to lose a great deal of time. The train dispatcher, therefore, has authority to handle extra and delayed trains by direct telegraphic order.—Gen. E. P. Alexander, in *Scribner's*.

### Martha Took the Fall.

Last week I saw an incident that forcibly illustrated a growing tendency of "our girls." An old lady, but a portly one, heavily veiled, came into a street-car and sat a huge, well-filled basket down. It chanced to intrude on the toes of a superbly dressed young woman opposite. She immediately was indignant. She abused market baskets roundly, and then abused the people who carried them. Then she allowed the opinion to escape that people who carried baskets had no business to ride on street-cars. And then she decried against poor people being allowed to ride in every street-car. Some cars, she said, should be reserved for genteel folks. The girl mortified everybody. The veiled lady said not a word until both motioned the driver and the car stopped. "Hold on! Take that pail," said the elder lady. Her tormentor looked a moment in astonishment. "Take that pail, Martha, and carry it home. This basket is all I can manage," repeated the elder. "Why didn't you tell me who you were, mother?" asked the crestfallen girl, as she picked up the basket and went out, while the occupants of the car giggled.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

### Queer Cure for Pneumonia.

Attention has lately been directed to the benefit derivable, in cases of pneumonia, where there is great embarrassment of breathing from accumulated secretion in the bronchial tubes, by inverting the patient and having him cough violently while in such position. It is easily accomplished by a strong assistant standing on the patient's bed, seizing the sick man's ankles, turning him face downward and then lifting his feet four or five feet above the level of the mattress. If the patient, with his legs thus held aloft, will cough vigorously two or three times he will get rid of much expectation that exhaustive efforts at coughing failed to dislodge when not thus aided. Life has been saved by repeated performances of this maneuver in pneumonia accompanied with great cyanosis, due to inundation of the bronchial tubes with mucous secretion. It, of course, will have no effect on the exudus in the vesicles. In a similar way gravity is of value in emptying the lungs of mucus during etherization.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

A runaway locomotive on the Burlington road jumped the track only 100 feet from a passenger train, and thus prevented a terrible smash-up. The company should only buy that kind.

A boy in a Brooklyn school yelled "fire" just to see what his teacher would do. He found out. She licked him until he had to take a week's vacation.

### TRICKS OF DIAMOND SMUGGLERS.

Different Ways of Concealing the Sparks About the Person.

It sometimes happens, said a New York jeweler, that the Collector is notified of the coming of diamond smugglers, as he was in the case of Henry James Marriott some five or six years ago. Marriott stole diamonds valued at \$50,000 from a Paris jeweler named Kramer. Marriott was a clerk in a picture store, and, with his booty and a young girl named Pereux, fled to this country. Two persons answering their description soon after came in a German steamer, and hardly had they landed before United States Deputy Marshal Bernhard was on their track. They were finally traced to Staten Island and arrested at the Battery while coming up to the city. Nearly all of the stones were discovered, some of them being found sewed into a cushion, a muff, and a pair of trousers in the room of the thieves. Sometimes diamond smugglers are reported by fellow-passengers in whom they have confided, or who have had their suspicions excited by some chance word or act. Diamonds have been found concealed in soap, in women's back hair, and in some instances fastened to the plate of an upper set of false teeth. Some people who are constantly on the go between this country and Europe are habitually watched. One of the strangest cases that ever came under my observation was that of a man who had subjected himself to a great deal of bodily pain to effect his purpose. It was generally understood among his fellow-passengers that he was a great invalid and was suffering from some incurable blood disease that would eventually end his life. When he came off the steamer, supported by attendants, he was indeed a frightful looking object, his face being a mass of eruptions. What it was that excited my suspicions I can't say, but something told me that the man was an impostor and I decided to have him searched. You never saw such an indignant lot of people as they were and their protestations that a search would endanger the life of the invalid almost made me forego my resolution. The look of satisfaction on the invalid's face, however, when I hesitated, settled me, and I had him brought into the inspecting-room, and sent for a physician before examining him, as I wished to take no risks. When the doctor came he felt the man's pulse and looked puzzled. "There is nothing the matter with that man," he said finally, "except extraneous skin poisoning." You may be sure I had him stripped pretty quickly. Would you believe it? His skin was as white and soft as a baby's with the exception of five red lumps on the inner side of the thighs that looked like large, undeveloped boils or carbuncles. The physician examined these curiously and then said to hold him. Three or four of us held him while the doctor made an incision over one of the lumps and extracted a diamond! You see, the fellow had read that the diggers in the African mines sometimes used this way for concealing valuable gems, and he had tried it. He was the most crestfallen invalid you ever saw, for, besides having all his suffering for nothing, he was out about \$12,000.

### Flowers from Thanksgiving to May-Day.

A common complaint of beginners at bulb culture is that the bloom comes very late, generally not until February or March. Could the bulbs themselves be consulted, they would probably quote the old saying, "Late beginning makes late ending." Until fond enough of the bulb family to greet it at its earliest appearance, and extend to it the most cordial and intelligent hospitality, window gardeners are likely to delay planting until out-door flowers are gone. Veteran growers plant as soon as the bulbs can be procured—generally in the first half of September; some of the pots may thus be sufficiently advanced to be brought to the light in mid-October. Treated thus, the Roman hyacinths and the earlier narcissuses may be had in bloom by Thanksgiving Day, and some of the others will follow speedily. The period of bloom may be made to extend from Thanksgiving to May-day by bringing pots from cellar or closet at intervals of ten days; to make assurance doubly sure, delay putting part of a collection until late in November. To know which plants are first fit to be brought to the light; turn the pots upside down, supporting the top earth by the fingers of one hand,

and strike the edge of the pot gently on something hard; the entire ball of earth will come out unharmed, if properly moist, and if growth is sufficiently advanced, a number of white roots will be seen coiled around the bottom soil.—*John Habberton, in Harper's Magazine*.

### Queer Mistakes of Paris Experts.

The annals of the Hotel Dronot abound in stories of the queer mistakes made by so-called experts; how one mistook the title of a picture, "Salvator Mundi," for the name of a "Venetian painter, rival of Salvator Rosa;" how another attributed to Velasquez, who died in 1660, a portrait of Louis XV., who was born in 1710; how another offered a picture of a woman washing dishes as a Portrait of Rubens' Wife, by himself, and volunteered the explanation that, "as everybody knew, Rubens married his cook." The men who are at the head of their profession are incapable of such gross ignorance as this; nevertheless, even experts of the highest grade are fallible. Thus quite recently an eminent Parisian dealer offered without hesitation 30,000 francs for an antique Persian mosque lamp, fabricated a few years ago at Vaugirard by the famous Brocard; and still more recently the most eminent expert in Paris asked in a sale the modest sum of 100 francs for a hawthorn pot which, to his astonishment, sold for 4,600 francs, and afterward went to England, where it was resold to a New York collector for \$2,000.—*Theodore Child, in Harper's Magazine*.

### Some Costly Books.

Probably the most costly set of books in this city is a twenty-nine-volume edition of Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," owned by Clarence H. Clark, the banker. These volumes are said to have cost their owner \$50,000. Originally the set consisted of nine handsomely-printed volumes, which have been extended by the insertion of some 2,500 portraits, engravings, autographs, and maps, making the present elaborate and costly work. The illustrations were inserted in appropriate places opposite the text, so that the scenes of the battles and persons figuring in them could be better represented and appreciated than by the type alone. The set is not quite filled with illustrations, however, and Mr. Clark is still diligently seeking after more material.

The twenty-nine volumes are handsomely bound in Levant morocco, and this item was not the least of those contributing to the cost of the books. The volumes are of the imperial folio size so necessary for such an elaborate work. The set is considered to be the finest, most complete and costly edition of "Motley's History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic" in the world.—*Philadelphia Record*.

### Kissed the Boy.

Here is a pretty story of Miss Mary Anderson told by the Boston Transcript. As Miss Anderson was passing through one of the great dry goods stores, the salesmen recognized her and whispered to each other:

"There goes Mary Anderson!"

A little cash boy, hearing the remark too late to see her face, exclaimed:

"Oh, why didn't you let me know in time? I haven't got money enough to go to see her play, but I might have looked at her."

The lady had not passed out of hearing. Turning back she stooped and kissed the boy.

"There, my lad," she said, "you cannot only say that you have seen Mary Anderson, but that she has kissed you."

### Saved from a Boycott.

"So you are married!" exclaimed one as they met in front of the postoffice.

"Yes."

"And to Mr. Blank?"

"Yes."

"But I thought you broke your engagement with him?"

"I did—almost, but he threatened to have me boycotted and I thought it best to marry him."—*Deirot Free Press*.

THE infant class teacher was trying to bring out the fact that David was a man of varied occupation. The question was asked: "What do you call a man who plays on a harp?" A youngster quickly answered: "An Italian." Then a new topic was introduced.—*Boston Beacon*.

Six transit—An ambulance wagon.